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where, like the Abbé Des Fontaines, he was flogged twice a-week. The Chinese did not at all understand this method of receiving strangers: he had passed only two or three days in Paris, and had found the manners of the French very odd. He lived two years on bread and water, amongst madmen and keepers; and believed that the French nation consisted of these two species; the one part dancing, while the other flogged them.

At length, when two years had elapsed, the ministry changed; and a new lieutenant of police was appointed, who commenced his administration by visiting the prisons. He had thus an opportunity of seeing the lunatics at Charenton. After conversing with them for some time, he asked if there were no other persons for him to see. He was informed that there was one more unfortunate man; but that he spoke a language which nobody understood. A Jesuit who accompanied the magistrate, said it was the peculiarity of this man's madness, that he never gave an answer in French; nothing, therefore, would be got from him, and he thought it would be better not to take the trouble of calling him. The minister, however, insisted on seeing him. The unfortunate man was accordingly brought out, and threw himself at his feet. The lieutenant sent for the king's interpreters, who spoke to him in Spanish, Latin, Greek, and English; but he constantly said, "Canton, Canton," and nothing else. The Jesuit assured them he was possessed. The magistrate, having some time or other heard it said that there was a province in China called Canton, thought this man might perhaps have come from thence. An interpreter to the foreign missions was therefore sent for, who could murder Chinese. All was then discovered.—The magistrate knew not what to do, nor the Jesuit what to say. The circumstance having been related to the Duke de Bourbon, who was then prime minister, he ordered money and clothes to be given to the Chinese, and sent him back to his own country; whence it was not thought that many literati would come to see France in future.

RURAL SOLITUDE.

Oh! would that I were
Amid nature's wild grandeur,
From this dwelling afar
As I wont was to wander;

Where the pale cloudlets fly,
By the soft breezes driven;
And the mountains on high
Kiss the azure of heaven:

Where down the deep glen
The clear rivulets are rolling,

And few, few of men
Through the solitudes strolling.

Oh! there it were joy,
When the shades of the gloaming,
Amid the night's lullaby,
O'er the world are coming;

Excursions to make
By the bard's tomb forsaken,
My hill-harp to take,
And its warblings awaken.

R.